

Another thought that I have found helpful is to bathe the hands for a moment in cool water before attending to the needs of the invalid, as it adds greatly to the patient's comfort not to be touched with hot, sticky hands.

I grant you that I am multiplying work for the nurse by these extra comforts for the patient, but at all times we must be loyal to our profession and do our utmost for our patient's weal; and the nurse will enter but few households where the family and friends will not come bravely to the front to give her all the assistance in their power for the sake of the loved one who is passing through the discipline of suffering. Gladly will they supply an extra amount of clean linen, assist in the changing of beds, and in many ways relieve the nurse, so that she may not be overtired, if she for her part approaches them half way, and shows, in a quiet, tactful, ladylike manner, that she is without doubt the "angel unawares" in the household.

Cooling drinks may be devised in great variety and with comparatively little trouble. One of my patients told me she used to listen eagerly for the tinkling of ice against the glass on its way upstairs with joyful anticipation.

One of the most satisfactory of these cooling drinks between meals consists of orange- or lemon-juice, either together or separately, in a glass with cracked ice and then filled up with Vichy.

Electric fans are a boon in the sickroom, and many times the quiet, slow waving of a large fan, guided so that the breeze will really be felt by the invalid (which is not always the case), will carry with it an invitation to rest and sleep.

(To be continued.)

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## THE WORK OF A VICTORIAN ORDER NURSE IN FORT FRANCES, ONTARIO

By A VICTORIAN ORDER NURSE

FORT FRANCES, a small town at which a Victorian Order post is established, is half way between Port Arthur and Winnipeg. Until the beginning of the winter of 1901-2 the town was completely isolated for at least seven months of the year, as the nearest railway station was Rat Portage, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, to reach which one was compelled to go by stage and over the ice on Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods. So the month of May was gladly welcomed by all, because then the boats began to run. However, since the Canadian

Northern Railroad has been completed there is connection with all points, as there is a train service three times a week.

But even in an isolated town the sick must be cared for, and as there is no hospital nearer than Winnipeg, those who need hospital treatment are sent there. In most localities Victorian Order work means district-nursing or nursing in one of the various cottage hospitals, but this is not the case in Fort Frances. Here, as a rule, continuous nursing must be done, especially in cases where the future health and sometimes the life of the patient is at stake. Should visits only be made, the patient is usually left alone during the absence of the nurse, as a neighbor seldom goes to the house of a friend to help unless that neighbor happens to be a particular friend. There are very few homes where there is a grown-up daughter to be found and very few homes have help, not always because they cannot afford it, but because they cannot get it. There is absolutely no poverty in Fort Frances, nor yet is there any great wealth. In almost every home where there was any illness the services of the nurse were asked for, and up to the present time none has been refused. But when a nurse is called to a patient, be it in a hotel or in his own home, hers is no easy task, for since the grown-up daughter, neighbor, or maid is absent, the entire work devolves upon the nurse.

Every nurse is fond of clean garments and bed-linen for her patients, but here she must economize, as all the laundry work is done by the squaws and half-breeds on the reservation, about two miles distant.

Until the arrival of the Victorian Order nurse in Fort Frances, about four years ago, the nursing was done by half-breeds, who, though not very competent, used common-sense and followed the doctor's orders, meeting with fairly good success. My work has usually been among the white people, but on two different occasions I was called upon to assist at cases of amputation, in both of which the patients were Indians. It was my good fortune during treaty time to go with the doctor on his rounds on the Koochiching Reservation. The doctor is obliged to go to every house on the reservation and inquire if any are sick, and, if so, they are examined and prescribed for. Tuberculosis is the enemy of the Indians here as well as elsewhere, and tuberculous glands are found in all stages. But the Indian dreads an operation, and so these glands are allowed to spread and open, becoming most repulsive to look at.

Though these people are fairly intelligent, they know nothing of the use of disinfectants, and hence the spread of disease, tuberculosis especially. But then very few white people are impressed with the germ theory, and few stop to think that infection and contagion cannot be

prevented without the free use of disinfectants. In a case of sepsis the doctor ordered a douche of permanganate of potash, but the friends of the patient objected to the douching with such a solution and dismissed the doctor from the case, calling for the services of the next doctor, who lived forty-five miles away. Formerly there was only one doctor for the surrounding country, both on the Canadian and American sides, so I helped the doctor, as there was no nurse across the line.

During the winter months a critical case on the American side needed a great deal of care, but owing to the press of work at that time only visits were made. There is only one way of crossing the river, and that is by ferry. My first visit was made at six A.M., and at that time the river was frequently frozen all the way across, especially when the thermometer ranged from thirty to forty-five degrees below zero, and even though the river was only a little over a third of a mile wide it took a long time to cross, as the ice had to be broken as the boat went along. There was no trouble making the second visit at two P.M., but about nine P.M. the fog began to rise, and at times it seemed unsafe to cross. The fogs in the evening were dreaded as much as the ice in the morning, but only once did we lose our way, and then found it before we got into the current, which would have taken us over the falls. But tramping through snowdrifts, crossing in the fogs, getting fastened in the anchor-ice, and at times helping break ice had its reward, for my patient made a splendid recovery and enjoys the best of health.

There have been runs of certain diseases, such as typhoid fever and pneumonia, and at times two nurses would have been kept busy, but this is the only point inside a radius of two hundred miles east or west where a nurse could be had. Very few cases during the past two or three years ended fatally.

Owing to the absence of a hospital here some cases must be sent out, as there is no place except the hotels where room could be had where the patient might be cared for. The emergency cases are all taken to the hotels, and the hotel-keepers usually do all in their power to accommodate these patients, even though they are put to disadvantage by so doing.

There are many disadvantages in living in Fort Frances, in winter especially. Eggs are never plentiful, and in winter-time a patient would fare badly for eggs and fowl were it not for a few residents who have a tender spot for those who are sick. There is not a private boarding-house in the town, which has a population of five hundred. There is always a large transient population for so small a place, and even the nurse must take her meals at the hotel and room in a private house.

A nurse's life must necessarily be a quiet one. There are very few amusements or pleasure trips, but there is an occasional church entertainment and picnic, though it is usually the nurse's misfortune to be busy at such a time. But such a lonely place has its compensations, the climate is healthful, the winters are cold but pleasant, and the scenery during the summer months is beautiful, and no matter in what place or under what circumstances, it is well to be content.

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## THE WORLD'S WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION

COMPILED BY L. L. DOCK

(Continued from page 610)

SOME months after Dr. Knopf's criticism upon the non-existence of an American society against tuberculosis steps were taken to form a committee to war against this disease, which may and undoubtedly will become a national committee, having been organized under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society of New York, a society justly famed for its notable constructive work in reformations of a social and hygienic character. We quote the following from the "Annual Report:" "... The appointment of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis, consisting of sixteen representative physicians and sixteen others who are especially interested in the social aspect of the disease. In many respects the methods of work adopted by the new committee will be similar to those which were employed in the case of the Tenement-House Committee. Like the former committee, this one will be representative in character. For example, both Dr. Ernst J. Lederle, Commissioner of Health, and Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, medical officer of the Health Department; Mr. Homer Folks, Commissioner of Public Charities, and Mr. Robert W. de Forest, president of the Charity Organization Society and Commissioner of the Tenement-House Department, are members of the committee.\* Coöperation will be sought not only with charitable agencies of all kinds, but with city departments and State officials. Attention will be devoted to educational propaganda, and the support of the public press will be especially sought.

"The services of a competent secretary, a district nurse, and a statistician who will devote their entire time to the committee have been

\* A nurse is also a member of this committee, Miss L. D. Wald, of the Nurses' Settlement, New York.—ED.